

# A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ANTHONY Earl of Shaftsbury,

AND

Captain THOMAS WALCOTT.

Upon their Meeting in PLUTO's Kingdome.

Walcott.



Urs'd be those Eyes that sees him  
where he stands,  
That has Disturb'd the best of Kings,  
of People, and of Lands.

Had Nature gave him but his Sons proportion  
Of Wit, and Mind, as little as his Station,  
I had been Happy, and ne're doom'd to see  
The dolesome Shades of Nights Eternity,  
But freed from Plots and Treasons, liv'd to see  
Dame Nature my Imprison'd Soul to Free.

Shaftsbury.

What's *Walcott* come, why then I plainly see,  
Nor *Hell*, nor *Holland*, ever can be free  
From my accursed Crew: Fools, did you think  
Rebellion kept too long, would never Stink?  
Believe't is true, when Treasons in the thought,  
It must to Action presently be brought;  
'Tis dangerous, when the case on Tip-Toe stands,  
To make delay, Treason's not safe in many hands.

Walcott.

Ah! Sir, but think o'th' groans of Orphans,  
(and the Tears  
Of Widdows, and how this to Heaven appears.  
Think what sad Doom it brought on me & others  
And in what Infamy our Race it Smothers.  
No Age can Parrallel a Crime so foul,  
Unless the Antecedent, wherein your Soul  
Was no small Agent, for no Plot could be  
Against the King, or Kingdom, *Tony* Free:  
As if Dame Nature you for naught design'd  
But mischief, and our First Parents Mind  
To you She gave, who scarce a day could Live,  
But must Rebell 'gainst Heavens Prerogative.

Shaftsbury.

*Relenting Fool!* does pity moove Thee here,  
Where pity can't be had, shake off thy Fear,  
And take a Mind worthy thy Name agen,  
Swear that, nor Gods, nor Kings, nor Men,  
Should scape thy Fury, if thou could'st but be  
In *Holland* once again with *Shaftsbury*.  
Then thou shalt Merit *Pluto's* just Reward,  
The first Commission'd Captain of his Guard.

Walcott.

Rewards with Souldiers seldom fail to moove,  
But such Rewards, I cannot well approve.  
And if a Captain must, I'de rather Head  
A Thousand *Red-Coats* in *Hide-Park*, then Lead  
Myriads of black Locusts in *Elysium*,  
Which from the Wilderness of Sins have come.  
Those need a *Ferguson* which knows all Tongues,  
All Sins & Wickednesses, to guide your Throngs:  
I to these but a petty Captain am,  
And with me every Souldier cut the Sham:  
Therefore on them let Honour be confer'd,  
That from your Lordship it have best deserv'd.

Shaftsbury.

If I again from *Pluto's* Kingdom come,  
I'll turn the Scales, I'll make *Geneva*, *Rome*,  
I'll Cant no more, but *Hallelujahs* Sing,  
And to my Consult, all the Jesuits bring:  
I'll Converse Men, who dare like *Ruffel* Dye,  
First to Contrive, and then maintain a Lye  
With their last Breath: These are the Men,  
That dare be Wicked, and defend their Sin.

F I N I S.